



A Heartwarming Homestead Thanksgiving

In the rolling hills of New Hampshire, sixty years ago, lived a farmer named Mr. Bassett. He had a bustling household with strong sons and daughters growing up around him. They weren't rich with money, but they were wealthy in land and love. Their farm, filled with woods, cornfields, and pastures, fed them well and kept them warm and happy. In their home, love, patience, and courage made every day a joy.

As November arrived, their farm was brimming with the rewards of summer's hard work: the barn, buttery, and storage bins overflowed with harvest goodies. The big, cozy kitchen was the heart of the home, with a warm, crackling fire in the fireplace and decorations of dried apples, onions, and corn. Up high, squashes, hams, and venison hung from the beams - a reminder of the wild deer in the deep forests nearby.

The air was filled with delicious smells, and the family was buzzing with excitement for the upcoming Thanksgiving feast. Baby Bassett, the youngest, lay in an old blue cradle, occasionally peeking out with bright eyes, then contentedly playing with a rosy apple. Two small boys, busy shelling corn for popping and selecting the biggest nuts, chatted happily. Four sisters – Tilly, Prue, Roxy, and Rhody – were busily preparing the feast, chopping, pounding, and slicing, their cheerful chatter filling the room.

Outside, Farmer Bassett and his eldest son, Eph, were doing chores, getting everything ready for Thanksgiving. In the kitchen, Mrs. Bassett, the queen bee of this busy hive, bustled around, making sure everything was just perfect for their special dinner.

One more day to go, and it would be time to feast. Seth and Sol, the younger boys, were already dreaming about the delicious meal, giggling about how much they'd eat.

But a surprise awaited them! A visitor arrived with news that turned their plans upside down. Mrs. Bassett's mother was ill, and she had to leave right away. The children, saddened by the news, quickly helped their mother get ready for her urgent trip.

With Mrs. Bassett gone, the older children, led by Tilly and Eph, took charge of the household. They promised to keep everything in order and prepare the Thanksgiving dinner themselves. They worked together, cooking and setting up, making the best of the situation.

However, their plans for a quiet dinner were upended when a knock at the door revealed their father, back early, bringing with him a house full of relatives! It turned out to be a misunderstanding; Grandma wasn't ill after all. The house filled with laughter and joy as they all shared the feast that Tilly and Prue had prepared.

There were a few hiccups in the meal – the stuffing had some unexpected ingredients, and the pudding was a bit of a disaster – but the pies were perfect, and everyone was too happy to care. The evening was filled with games, dancing, and laughter, making it a truly special Thanksgiving.

As they ended the day with a moment of thanks and a bedtime story, Tilly and Prue shared a quiet giggle about their cooking adventures, proud of how they'd managed everything. It was an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, full of love, family, and the joy of being together.